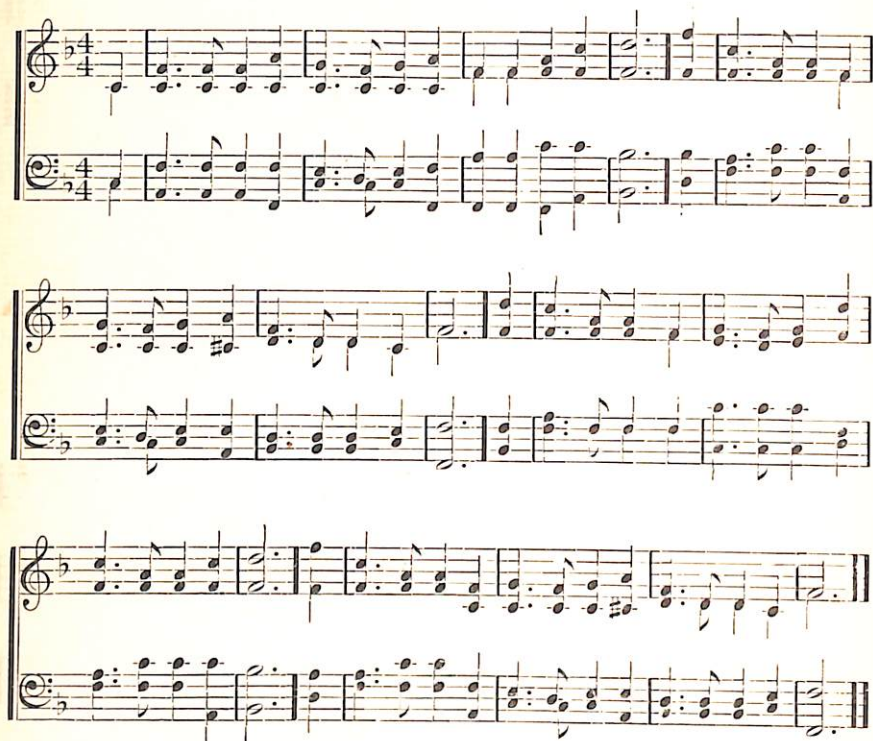


# GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

## ODES

### No. 1. Air.—“AULD LANG SYNE.” C. M.



Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And days of auld lang syne?

#### CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my boys,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll ne'er forget when first we met  
In days of auld lang syne.

### No. 2. "CHARITY."

Arranged by Comrade C. Higgins,  
of Post 35, Leader of Band, Boston.



Meek and lowly, pure and holy,  
Chief among the "blessed three,"  
Turning sadness into gladness,  
Heaven-born art thou, Charity!  
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,  
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,  
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,  
Judgment hath in thee no part.  
Meek and lowly, pure and holy,  
Chief among the "blessed three,"  
Turning sadness into gladness,  
Heaven-born art thou, Charity!

Hoping ever, failing never,  
Though deceived, believing still;  
Long abiding, all confiding  
To thy heavenly Father's will.  
Never weary of well-doing,  
Never fearful of the end;  
Claiming all mankind as brothers,  
Thou dost all alike befriend.  
Meek and lowly, pure and holy,  
Chief among the "blessed three,"  
Turning sadness into gladness,  
Heaven-born art thou, Charity!

### No. 3. "AMERICA."



My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of Liberty,  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,  
From every mountain-side  
Let Freedom ring.

Our father's God, to Thee,  
Author of Liberty,  
To thee we sing.  
Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's Holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King.